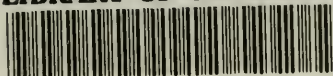


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JUST JINGLES

JUST JINGLES

By ARTHUR J. ^{Jerome} BURDICK



The Peter Paul Book Company
Buffalo, New York

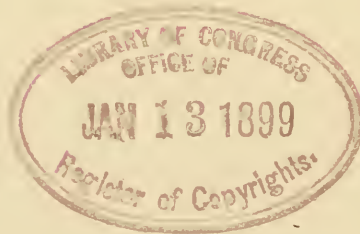
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Arthur J. Burdick

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TO

Lillian, my Wife

TO WHOSE ENCOURAGEMENT AND ASSISTANCE
I OWE WHATEVER SUCCESS I HAVE
ACHIEVED, THIS VOLUME IS
LOVINGLY DEDICATED.

Preface

IN presenting this, my first volume of verse, to the public, I have no apologies to offer. I make no claims for my rhymes, literary or otherwise, beyond that suggested in the title; they are "Just Jingles."

Some of these verses are now for the first time given to the public; the majority of them, however, have appeared in print in various papers and magazines.

To my friends, whose solicitations have induced me to issue this volume, I say, "Here it is; may it not prove disappointing to you"; to my readers who have by their letters of appreciation encouraged me in my literary attempts, "May you find as much of inspiration and encouragement in these verses as have I in your kind letters"; to my readers unknown to me, "Here is to our better acquaintance; may you find entertainment in reading these jingles, as I have in writing them"; to the critic, "'By the lance are we healed'; your criticisms will not be taken unkindly."

And now, as the bibulous Rip Van Winkle would say, "Here's to your good health, and your future families' good health; and may you all live long and prosper."

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

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Illustrations

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SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL

JUST JINGLES

SERIOUS AND SENTIMENTAL

The Living Chord

THE harp, with its delicate, sensitive strings,
When tenderly touched with skill,
Awakes a melody sweet, that rings
On waiting ear ; and it wings and flings
The harmony rare, that finds and brings
To the heart a tender thrill.

My heart, like a sensitive lyre that had known
No thrill of the artist's hand,
At thy tender touch found voice and tone.
Inspired by thy will alone, my own,
A melody rare and sweet has grown—
A symphony clear and grand.

And the quiver and throb, and the rhythmic thrill
Of my heart, thy hand swept o'er :
Nor time, in passing, nor death, can still,
Nor damp of the grave can chill or kill ;
But the sweet, vibrating music will
Continue, love, evermore.

Lights by the Way

WE meet in the world, on life's highway,
People sedate and people gay ;
And amid the hurrying, rushing throng,
That ever and ever is swept along
On this human tide of weal and woe,
Some passing face from that ebb and flow,
Some glance of an eye, or some plaintive tone
From a kindred soul, is briefly shown,
Then is borne away to the great Unknown.

But that passing glimpse of a brother soul,
Like a legend graved on a parchment scroll,
In memory's archives is laid away,
To appear again on some future day.
And who can tell, or who may know
How far the spell of that glance may go?
Some thrill of that soul may have pierced our own ;
From those eyes some laudable purpose shone,
That our pathway lights to the great Unknown.

Thinking of You

WHEN I see a sky of blue,
Makes me think, my dear, of you ;
Brings to mind your blue, blue eyes,
Rivaling the azure skies ;—
Makes me think, my dear, of you,
When I see a sky of blue.

When the sun shines bright and clear,
Makes me think of you, my dear,
And your smile so cheery, bright,
Turning darkness into light ;—
Makes me think of you, my dear,
When the sun shines bright and clear.

Fields of roses, wet with dew,
Make me think, my dear, of you,
And the sweetness of your love,
Kissed by dews of heaven above ;
Love that's constant, pure, and true,—
Fields of roses, wet with dew.

When the birds sing blithe and gay,
Think of you the livelong day —
Think, and long your voice to hear,
Sweetest music to my ear ;—
Think of you the livelong day,
When the birds sing blithe and gay.

When the world seems dark and drear,
Makes me think of you, my dear ;
Long to hear your cheering voice
Bidding me again rejoice ;—
Makes me think of you, my dear,
When the world seems dark and drear.

Light Celestial

LIGHT Celestial, lead, I pray ;
Guide me on my weary way.
If my path leads through the valley where the black-
est shadows lie,
Where along the darkened pathway sin-cursed de-
mons hover nigh,
Though I journey in the daytime or grope onward
in the night,
I will fear nor foe nor evil, if led by thy kindly light.

Light Celestial, lead, I pray ;
Guide me on my weary way.
Though my path leads up the mountain where the
way is rough and steep,
Over roads thick-strewn with pitfalls, or by fearful
chasms deep,
I'll o'ercome each threatened evil, and surmount
the steepest height,
Safely walk amid all dangers, if led by thy kindly
light.

Light Celestial, lead, I pray ;

Guide me on my weary way.

Lead me all along life's pathway, be my journey
short or long ;

Lead me from the paths of evil, guide me from the
fields of wrong ;

Ever let me keep thy welcome, guiding radiance in
sight ;

Lead me from a world of darkness to eternal day,
O Light.

One Song

OF all the multitude of songs
That reach my ear,
One only lodges in my heart—
Your song, my dear.
Your song, so tender, sweet, and true,
My soul awakes ;
My voice helps swell the melody
Your music makes.

From out the harmony that floats,
One song I hear,
Sweeter than all the others are.
Tender and clear,
It leads me past the singers all,
And to your side,
Where, dear, with love and you
I would abide.

No other singer has the power,
Of all the throng,
Dear one, to lure me from your side
And your sweet song.
Your song, so tender, sweet, and true,
My soul awakes ;
My voice helps swell the melody
Your music makes.

Only a Little Waiting

ONLY a few more miles ; only a little way ;
Heaven and home are just ahead, waiting at close
of day.

Only a few more days, a few more sighs and tears,
A few more stony hills to climb, a few more doubts
and fears.

Only a few more joys, a few more sunny hours,
A few more verdant hills to cross, a few more fra-
grant flowers ;

Only a few more smiles, a few more songs to sing ;
A few more hours of sun and shade the journey's
end will bring.

Only a few more friends, to meet and know and love ;
A few more partings, then the joy of greetings
sweet above ;

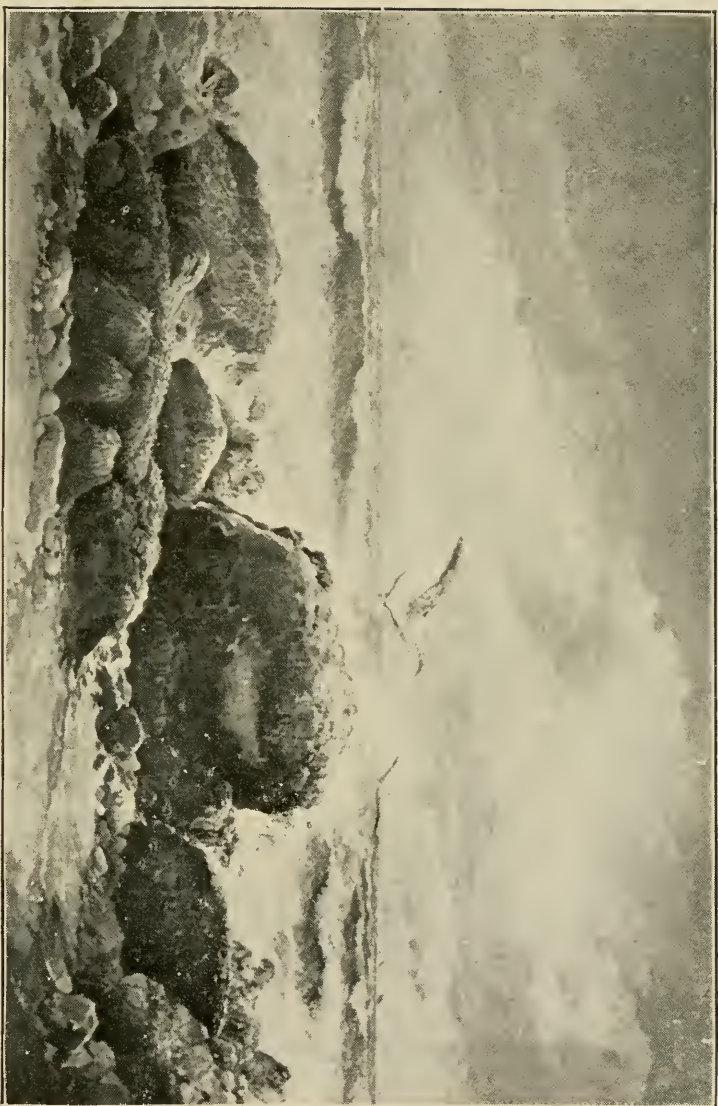
A few more days of toil, of earnest, weary quest ;
A few more waking, watchful hours, and then to
sleep—and rest.

To a Gull

SOUL of bereaved one, troubled and tossed,
Searching the sea for the one who was lost,
Skimming the air or riding the wave,
Seeking forever that precious one's grave—
Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true,
That the soul of some mourning one lives within
you?

Whom art thou seeking? some brother or son
Who sank to his rest ere his voyage was done?
Or was it a husband, or lover so brave,
Who found an unmarked and untended grave?
Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true,
That the sea holds the one who is dearest to you?

Bird of the sea, when the dismal winds wail
And the breast of the ocean is swept by the gale,
When the demons of storm in their fierce anger
rave,
And you sink, 'neath their wrath, to a watery
grave—
Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true,
That the loved and the lost you find waiting for
you?



Bird of the sea, is it true, is it true,
That the sea holds the one who is dearest to you?

In the Afterglow

A MESSAGE I hold from my love, my love,
Who lies in the churchyard sleeping—
A message sweet that hid at my feet
As I stood by her lone grave weeping—
A missive sweet in a violet blue,
Saying, “My love, I am ever true,
Watching ever, and waiting for you ;
In Heaven my vigil keeping.”

Ah, delicate, beautiful message rare,
A fond and endearing token ;
A thought in bloom, to dispel the gloom
Of a heart that is well-nigh broken ;
Thrust from the cold and mold below,
A messenger sweet, to let me know
That love is as true in the afterglow
As when first our vows were spoken !

Why I Love the Stars

WHY do I love the stars? Because the earth has
loved them so
Since first they sweetly smiled on her, long cen-
turies ago ;
Because they shine with steady light — are constant,
firm, and true ;
Because, my love, they light the way that leads
me unto you.

Why do I love the stars? Because the poets all
have sung
Their songs of love to those bright gems since this
old world was young ;
Because the stars have been the theme of songs so
grand and sweet :
With adoration, too, and song, their welcome light
I greet.

Why do I love the stars? Because all lovers love
them too,
And hand in hand have wandered in their light
since earth was new ;
Because, while shedding their soft light on every
land and sea,
They still have left a world of love and light to
shed on me.

Why do I love the stars? Because, when far from
you, my love,
I know your eyes, as mine, are turned to those
bright worlds above ;
So, most of all, I love the stars because you love
them too,
And their bright beams bring thoughts and dreams
and memories of you.

When the Heart Speaks

WORDS are vain and useless things—
 Sounds that fret the ear.
Lips and tongue may silent be ;
Soul and thought still wander free.
What are words to me, or thee,
 When the heart speaks, dear?

Silence waxes eloquent
 When thou, love, art near ;
Soul to soul its message brings ;
Thought meets thought on fairy wings.
Words are vain and useless things
 When the heart speaks, dear.

Maidens Three

A FAIR maid was Fortune, so fair, I declare,
I was tempted to woo, to my ruing.
Though often she'd smile and beguile for a while
My heart, oh ! I found by my wooing,
That Fortune was fickle,
Her smiles were a snare,
Her beauty deceiving,
Her promises — air.

Ah ! Fame, stately Fame, lured me next, with pretext
Of a friendship both strong and enduring.
Deluded, I fell 'neath the spell of this belle,
But her smiles were as false as alluring.
And Fame, too, was fickle ;
My wooing was vain ;
Her friendship brought nothing
But sorrow and pain.

A sweet, tender maiden drew near, with a tear
Of compassion her fair cheek adorning.
A glance of her shy, tender eye, and a sigh
For my sorrow, turned night into morning ;
For Love with sweet pity
And cheering words came,
And won my allegiance
From Fortune and Fame.

Echoes

ALL of the songs have once been sung ;
For Music had her birth
Ages ago, when Time was young —
When Joy and Sorrow first found tongue,
And Love came down to earth.

All of the tales have once been told ;
For all of joy or pain
That pens of poets now unfold
Has lived in hearts of men of old —
Are tales but told again.

All of the rhythm and the rhyme
That bards and poets know,
All the melody, sweet, sublime,
But echoes are, flung back by Time,
From the realms of Long Ago.

When I Meet You Again

THE wind sighs drear in the mountain ;
The song of the robin is sad ;
The brook trills a sorrowful ditty ;
The sunshine no longer is glad ;
All nature is sighing and moaning ;
And my heart, it is heavy with pain ;—
My pathway will lie in the shadows
Till I meet you, my darling, again.

The wind sighs drear in the mountain ;
It moans in the tree tops below ;
It wails as it sweeps past the cottage—
It knows you are absent, I know ;
The bluebird is grieving and moaning ;
The lark sings a plaintive refrain ;
And my heart will beat time to their sadness
Till I meet you, my darling, again.

When I meet you again, my darling,
The world will awaken to song ;
The birds, the brook, and the soft winds,
The musical notes will prolong ;
The clouds and shadows will vanish,
And my sad heart will lose all its pain ;—
The sunshine will gladden my pathway
When I meet you, my darling, again.

We Meet Again

I HAVE met you again, my darling,
And the world has awakened to song.
The absence has all been forgotten—
That absence so bitter and long.
The sunshine that's flooding the valley
No longer is streaming in vain,
For my heart, like the world, is illumined;—
I have met you, my darling, again.

The pain and the sorrow of parting
Are drowned in a rapturous bliss.
Ah! 'twere worth all the pangs of the parting
To know such a pleasure as this.
Gone, gone, are the heartaches and longings;
Gone, gone, all the torture and pain;
And life is again worth the living;—
I have met you, my darling, again.

The sad wind that once sighed so dreary,
Now whispers sweet strains to the trees;
And the joyous notes of the robin
Float down on the soft autumn breeze;
The lark and the bluebird and linnet
Break forth in a happy refrain;
And my heart, like all nature, is singing;—
I have met you, my darling, again.

Sweetbrier

SOME wait for the lily, and some for the rose ;
But I bide my time till the sweetbrier blows ;
For down in the meadow, mid fragrance and dew,
I first won a promise, my true love, from you.

Sweetbrier and dew,—

Rare skies of blue,—

A smile and a kiss and a promise from you.

A smile and a kiss and a pledge to be true ;
A bud from the sweetbrier—a token from you
That when once again the brier blossoms hide
Mid settings of green I may claim my fair bride.

Sweetbrier and dew,—

Rare skies of blue,—

'Tis then I am coming, my darling, for you.

O breath of the springtime, your soft air I bless ;
You wake the sweetbrier with your tender caress :
And May, with your sunshine, most gladly I greet ;
You tempt into blossom my brier bush sweet.

Sunshine and dew,

Rare skies of blue,

Are bringing me nearer, my darling, to you.

Some wait for the lily, and some for the rose ;
But I bide my time till the sweetbrier blows.
The first gleam of green leaves, the first bud in
view,
The first breath of fragrance will take me to you.
Sweetbrier and dew,—
Rare skies of blue,—
Yes, fragrance and flowers will bring me to you.

A Truant Song

THERE woke within my heart one morn
An inspiration, sweet, sublime—
A rhapsody, a song unborn,
A prophecy of dulcet rhyme.

I took my lyre and touched the strings,
And caught one sweet, exquisite strain,
When from my soul on startled wings
It swiftly sped—my rare refrain.

In vain I sought my truant song ;
The music from my heart had fled ;
My lyre, that voice so sweet and strong,
Was silent too ; its muse was dead.

* * * *

Though other strains have woke my lyre,
And other songs have stirred my tongue,
E'en now I most of all desire
To find again my truant song.

A Valentine

I WISH not a valentine gaily bedecked
With cupids and ribbons aflutter,
With sweet turtledoves and hand-painted loves,
And the rhythmical nonsense they utter ;
One glance in the depths of your dreamy blue eyes,
One word by your lips softly spoken,
Were better by far than all valentines are,
No matter how costly the token.

I ask not a missive with arrow-pierced hearts,
And lovers' knots tied *à la* Cupid,
With typewritten trash and poetical hash
Served up by the witty or stupid ;
One brief billet-doux is all that I crave,
A note of your own sweet inditing,
A crisp little line to say you'll be mine,
Inscribed in your own dear handwriting.

The Leafless Tree

AMID the blasts of winter's wrath,
With arms outstretched and bare,
Of all its verdant glory shorn —
The picture of despair —
Alone, forsaken, on the plain,
Stands now the leafless tree,
A monument of what has been
And what again will be.

When clothed in lavish robes of green,
Beneath its welcome shade,
All through the sunny summer days,
The merry children played ;
And oft, in balmy moonlight nights,
Beneath its screening boughs
Have loving lads and lassies paused
To breathe their tender vows.

Now bare it stands, unsought by all
Who once its shelter knew ;
For outward glory, when 'tis gone,
Leaves one, of friends, but few.
Still bravely stands the tree upright,
Defying winter's chill,
For hearts of oak are far too strong
For winter's storms to kill.

Old tree, the dreary days will pass,
And spring will come again ;
And in the joy of bursting bud
Will vanish winter's pain.
One heart still loves thy leafless form,
For in it I can see
A monument of what has been
And what again will be.

Keep Singing Your Song

SOME days must be dark, and some nights must be
dreary ;

Some roads must be rough, and some ways must be
weary ;

But never despair ;

Some days will be fair ;

Just breathe a sweet song of good cheer on the air ;
Press steadily, faithfully, ever along :

Keep singing your song ; keep singing your song.

No day, howe'er dark, but your song will make
brighter,

No burden so heavy but it will grow lighter,

If, gentle and clear,

Your glad notes of cheer

Flow out from a heart that is true and sincere.

Press on with a will, and your music prolong :

Keep singing your song ; keep singing your song.

Keep singing your song ; keep the sweet music
ringing ;

Some brother distressed may take heart at your
singing ;

Some soul by the way,
O'ercome in the fray,
Some wandering one from the path gone astray,
The music may hear and be cheered and made
strong:
Keep singing your song; keep singing your song.

*SONGS OF NATURE AND
THE SEASONS*

SONGS OF NATURE AND THE SEASONS

The Seasons

WHEN springtime's sunshine tints the vale
And gilds the mountain's splendor,
And birds are calling to their mates
In notes so soft and tender,—
When springtime's warmth into the earth
Is slowly, softly creeping,
And, gently touching hidden flowers,
Awakes them from their sleeping,—
'Tis then my soul is filled with joy,
My mouth is filled with singing,
My heart is full and running o'er
With pleasures life is bringing.

When summer's sun and summer's rain
Have ripened springtime sowing,
When golden grain and waving grass
I see the toilers mowing,
When browsing herds seek shady nooks,
And 'neath green trees are resting,

And when the birds their mates have found
And on the branch are nesting,—
'Tis then I praise fair Nature's ways
For her most lavish giving,
'Tis then I feel a thrilling joy—
The joy of simply living.

When autumn comes with garnered sheaves,
And storehouse filled to bursting,
With purple grape and mellow fruit,
And cider for the thirsting,
And gaudy tree with crimson leaf,
And corn all ripe for cutting,
And boys and girls—and squirrels too—
All eager to go nutting,—
'Tis then I feel a well of joy
Within my bosom springing;
I raise my voice and heart in thanks
For gifts that autumn's bringing.

When winter's chill is in the air
And winter's winds are sighing,
When on the hill and o'er the vale
The drifting snow is lying,
When on the street I hear the noise
Of merry sleighbells jingling,
And when I breathe that bracing air
That sets the blood a-tingling,—

'Tis then I breathe a prayer of praise,
And tune my voice to singing
In thanks for mercies past and those
The future bright is bringing.

Autumn Days

WHO calls 'em "melancholy days, the saddest of
the year"?

Why, land o' sakes! the autumn's full an' runnin'
o'er with cheer.

The garnered crops air in the barn, the apples in
the bin,

An', like the "lilies of the field," we neither toil nor
spin.

Bring out the old corn popper,

Put apples on the table;

We'll dance an' sing an' eat our fill—

Take comfort while we're able.

Throw fuel on the roarin' blaze; beside its ruddy
glow

We'll listen to entrancin' tales of magic "long
ago."

Put nuts to roastin' on the hearth; invite the neigh-
bors in;

Take down the fiddle, strike the tune, an' let the
fun begin.

Shake up the old corn popper

An' keep the corn a-toastin';

Rake out the coals upon the hearth

An' put the nuts to roastin'.

The turkey's in the roasin' pan, the chicken's in
the pot,
The sparerib's in the oven ; an', when the table's
sot,
I'd like to find the feller sharp enough to find a
trace
O' sad or melancholy days a-hangin' round my
place.
Jes' pass the meat an' taters ;
Eat hearty an' be jolly ;
With friends to greet, an' lots to eat,
Who cares for melancholy ?

Fair Time

'Tis fair time and spare time, the farmer's time to
play,
And Labor dons his best attire and takes a holiday.
There's father with his Sunday suit, and mother
perk and prim,
And Jonathan the hired man—the hired girl with
him.

Oh, my! look at the pumpkins—
Nuggets of Klondike size!
Their yellow coats remind our throats
Of mother's luscious pies.

'Tis fair time and rare time, and time to take a rest
And lay on Labor's altar of nature's fruits the best:
Bring sleek and blooded cattle, and steeds of royal
line,
And sheep and pigs of pedigree, and fowls with
plumage fine.

Oh, my! look at that turkey!
Thanksgiving's just ahead;
Alive he's fine, but how divine
He'll look when he is dead.

'Tis fair time and stare time—time to feast the
eyes—

Time to gaze about you in wonder and surprise—

Time, ye thrifty housewives of neighborhood re-
pute,

To bring your golden butter, preserves, and pickled
fruit.

My ! look at those canned peaches !

Sakes ! gaze at that cream cheese !

Who cannot find things to his mind

Is difficult to please.

'Tis fair time and spare time, the farmer's time to
play,

And Labor dons his best attire and takes a holiday—

A festival of harvest, a brilliant, rare display

Of cunning, skill, and patient toil, spread out in
grand array.

Here, then, is to the farmer,

The monarch of the soil :

May nature bless with rare success,

And recompense his toil.

December

Oh, December is a jolly month a-brimmin' o'er
with joys—
With skatin' an' with sleighin' fer all the girls an'
boys,
With the music of their laughter, an' the merry
bells thet jingle,
An' the watchin' an' the waitin' fer thet jolly old
Kris Kringle.

Oh, the frosty flakes a-flyin' an' a-flittin' through
the air,
An' the hurry an' the scurry of the cutters ev'ry-
where,
An' the bracin', bitin' breezes thet jest sets the
blood atingle,
An' the watchin' an' the waitin' fer thet jolly old
Kris Kringle!

An' oh, 'tis in December thet all the kinfolks dear
Drift in at the old homestead to partake of Christ-
mas cheer;
An' the music of their laughter an' the noise of
chatter mingle
As they sit before the fireplace waitin' fer thet old
Kris Kringle.

Oh, jest give me old December with its bluster an
its blow,
With the hills an' valleys sparklin' with their cov-
erin' of snow,
With its crisp an' frosty atmosphere, thet makes
the warm blood tingle,
An' the watchin' an' the waitin' fer thet jolly old
Kris Kringle.

Winter

THE frost is on the tree twig,
 The frost is on the pane ;
 The grimy street is covered
 With clean white snow again ;
 The bells begin to jingle,
 The sleighs begin to glide ;
 The boys and girls get out their sleds
 To
 take
 a
 little
 slide.

The sled flings snow before it
 As down the hill it skips ;
 The breeze flies swiftly by them,
 And nose and ear it nips ;
 Their cheeks get red and redder,
 They shout with might and main ;
 They quickly reach the bottom,
 again.
 up
 back
 climb
 Then

'Tis thus in life's long journey :
In labor, as in play,
We seldom find a level road
To take us on our way ;
We've hills to climb with toiling,
And oft a level plain,—
A valley and a mountain :
 and
 up down
'Tis again.

A Springtime Song

AH! the birds are swinging, singing mid the
nodding, bending trees,
And the echo of their sweet notes gently floats
adown the breeze.

There is hint of mint and myrtle in the aromatic air ;
There is stream and gleam of sunshine ; there is
beauty everywhere.

All around the sound of springtime falls entrancing
on the ear,
And my heart is madly, gladly leaping to the music
clear.

There is time and rhyme and sweetness in the
happy springtime song
That is sounding and resounding and abounding
all day long.

Winter's snow and blow have vanished ; and the
world begins anew,
And, replete with sweet profusion, brings her many
charms to view ;
And she wakes and takes the sweetness that to
springtime months belong,
And she weaves the balm and beauty into one grand,
tuneful song.

Two Songs of May

I

DAISIES and buttercups, fields full of clover,
Grassy green billows in which to roll over,
Days full of sunshine—sweet songs by the way,—
Who lacks a welcome for bright, sunny May?

Orchards of bloom wet with dews of the morning—
Sweet, liquid gems, their rare beauty adorning,—
White blossoms, pink blossoms, modest or gay,—
Who lacks a welcome for sweet-scented May?

Spice of the woodland adown the breeze drifting,
Health-giving sunlight through leafy screens sift-
ing,
Luxuriant landscapes in charming array,—
Who lacks a welcome for rare-tinted May?

Brooks running over with laughter and singing,
Echoes gone mad, back the glad music flinging,
Sunshine and perfume and song all the day,—
Who lacks a welcome for musical May?

II

A BURST of melody divine
From where the leafy branches sway,
A glimpse of blue — sweet violets —
Amid the grasses by the way,
A breath of perfume on the breeze,
The vagrant brook's soft, liquid lay, —
And this is May.

A sheeny glimmer on the lake,
Where soft and dancing sunbeams play,
A hazy, mazy, shifting cloud
Of giddy, basking insects gay ;
A medley rare of scent and sound,
A dream of sweetness all the day, —
And this is May.

Song of the Plow

PIERCE the earth, O point of steel !
Bring the fertile soil to light ;
Hide the stubble whereon grew
Last year's bounty, from the sight ;
 Cover all the past from view ;
 We are seeking treasures new.

Pierce the earth and cleave the turf ;
Roll the rich soil from the share ;
Let the earthy odors rise
Like sweet incense on the air ;
 Loose the hidden powers below —
 Powers that make the rich grains grow.

Scar the earth, O shining steel !
You will labor not in vain,
Though your marks will hidden be
By the fields of waving grain ;
 Earth, like hearts, must furrowed be,
 Ere the flowers or fruit we see.

The Lake at Sunset

THE glaring sun has sought the mists that hover in
the west ;
The wanton wind has tired of play and gently sunk
to rest ;
The lake lies placid mid the fields and rugged, tree-
clad hills,
Fed by the river of the plain and singing mountain
rills.

Belated swallows gaily skim its waters clear and
bright ;
And far across its calm expanse the golden, glan-
cing light —
The parting kiss of the warm sun—spreads glory
on the scene,
And tints with gold the verdant tinge cast by the
forest green.

The sun slips gently out of sight adown the western
sky,
And darker grow the shadows that upon the waters
lie ;
The swallows seek their forest homes and chirp
themselves to rest,
And birds of night come forth to sport above the
lake's calm breast.

The gold fades from the sunset sky ; the bright stars
gleam and glow,
And view their sparkling, mirrored forms within
the lake below ;
A passing breeze the calm lake stirs, with tender
touch and light ;
And rippling echoes seem to breathe the world a
a fond good-night.

NARRATIVE AND REMINISCENT

NARRATIVE AND REMINISCENT

Tidings

THOUGH tidings ill must oftentimes intrude,
The messenger ne'er earns our gratitude.

Beneath a purpled canopy, all day
Upon his dais Egypt's monarch lay ;
And from the palace top, with eager eyes
He watched the point where earth and eastern skies
Seemed joined as one, for there would first appear
The messenger, to pour into his ear
The news of battle. Half the day had passed
When from the east a herald came at last :
A tiny speck first, 'gainst the azure sky ;
A blot of black anon ; and then, drawn nigh,
A gaunt and fainting form that, swaying, still
Pressed on to bear the message, good or ill.

Up sprang the eager monarch from his bed
And met the faithful man. "What news?" he said :
"Are Egypt's hosts triumphant in the fray?"
With drooping head the herald answered, "Nay."
"Nay? Dog! and bringest thou that word to me?"
"E'en so, O king, for Egypt's armies flee."
The angry king rained curses on his head —
A flash of steel—the messenger lay dead.

The day grew old, when, lo! another came
With message of defeat: his fate the same.
And when the shadows stretched across the plain,
Another still was numbered with the slain.

The shadows thickened. Night succeeded day.
Beneath the monarch's gaze, all silent, lay
The sleeping city; black the clouds o'erhead,
And by his side, in calm repose, the dead.
The weary hours passed slowly, one by one,
Until the noon of night. At last he hears
Approaching steps. Another herald nears.
The steps are not of haste; but measured, slow,
They firmly fall upon the flags below.
The anxious watcher rises to his feet
And forward steps, the messenger to meet.
"What message bring ye?" "This: The tide hath
turned,
And Egypt's hosts the enemy have spurned."

The monarch from his arm a bracelet takes :
“Wear this,” he cries; “a bauble, but it makes
The wearer henceforth bearer of my cup,
And to a rank exalted lifts him up.”

Who brings us welcome news we aye commend,
And call him by the sacred name of friend.

The Old Home

You talk about your palaces
Fixed out in modern style,
With roofs of slate an' brownstone fronts
An' floors all laid in tile,
With water hot, an' water cold,
An' steam instead of fire,
An' all the modern gimcrack things
A body could desire :
Them kind o' buildin's are all right,
But somehow don't tempt me ;
I like the old-style houses best,
Jest like they used to be.

Give me the old-time cabin home
Amid its bed o' flowers,
Where first I saw the light o' day
An' spent my boyhood's hours,
The fields o' green grass all around
In which I used to roll,
An' let the streamin' sunlight warm
Shine through upon my soul ;
An' then the tangled wildwood near,
The air so pure an' free,
A hundred thousand birds or so
A-singin' songs to me.



Give me the old-time cabin home
Amid its bed o' flowers.

Oh, palaces ain't in it much
 Along o' my old home,
With meadows wide on every side,
 An' room to romp and roam.
I wouldn't trade the balmy air
 An' scent o' flowers so sweet
Fer all the brownstone palaces
 Upon a city street.
It sets my heart to achin' like
 Fer childhood's days once more,
An' a sight o' that old cabin,
 With posies 'bout the door.

Memorial

A SONG in the fulness of springtime ;
A tribute of love to the brave ;
A wealth of God's fair, fragrant blossoms
To lay on each dead hero's grave ;
A nation all eager to honor,
On this our Memorial Day,
The soldiers who sleep 'neath the roses
We shower o'er the blue and the gray.

We give you a wreath of God's blossoms ;
And over each dear, sacred grave
The banner you fought for and died for
Shall proudly and peacefully wave.
We have pride for the land that you saved us ;
We have love for the flag that you bore ;
We've a tear, and a sigh, and a heartache
For the brave lads we'll see nevermore.

We give you a wreath of God's blossoms,
And we murmur, "God bless you!" and go.
The love and devotion we offer
Disturbs not your resting below.
Then sleep in the soil you made sacred
By the blood which you gallantly shed,
While we breathe benedictions above you
And weep o'er the ones that are dead.

Oh To Be a Boy Again!

Oh to be a boy again,
Now fishing time has come ;
To get away from driving toil
And traffic's busy hum ;
To take my line and hickory pole,
And sit beside the stream,
And let my fish line idly float
The while I sit and dream !

Oh to be a boy again,
Now May has come once more ;
To roam the fields in search of flowers
As in the days of yore ;
To scour the wood and climb the trees
And chase the nimble squirrel ;
To just escape, for one brief day,
From business' dizzy whirl !

Oh to be a boy again,
And old companions see —
The boys and girls of childhood's days,
Who were so dear to me ;
To revel in the old-time sports,
And breathe the balmy air
Of shady groves and running streams,
Away from toil and care !

The Horse Fiddle

'SPECT the folks in Genesee
(Thet's where my home usto be)
Haven't all on 'em forgot
(Some scart yit, as like as not)
Time us boys, one summer's night,
Give the village sech a fright.

Back o' where the village stands
Air the elevated lands
Known as Langworthy's Big Hill,
Owned by him 'at owned the mill
Down by the other side o' town,
Where his youngest boy got drown.

There was me, Dan, Tom an' Bill,
Sam an' Joe clumb up thet hill
With a great big box ; an' Dan
Had some rosin in a can.
Time thet box was to the top
We was tired enough to stop.

Thet hoss fiddle! Ever make
One? Tell ye how. You jest take
An' put some rosin on a box,
Then draw a rail acrost it. Jocks!
'Twill make a noise to wake the dead
An' make a live man lose his head.

'Twas 'long 'bout ten o'clock, I s'pose,
An' folks was seekin' their repose,
When fust we drew thet rosined rail
Acrost the box. My! what a wail
The old thing give! Then we pitched in
An' made thet fiddle howl like sin.

Down in the town, I heard it said,
The folks come tumblin' out o' bed,
An' some on 'em begun to pray,
Thinkin' fer sure 'twas jedgment day,
An' some ran wildly in the street
In scant attire an' bare o' feet.

One lad, who wasn't in our fun,
Had started home up Woodchuck Run,
When thet weird wailin' smote his ear
An' nearly stopped his heart with fear.
If 't hadn't been fer lack o' breath,
I believe he'd run himself to death.

Old Boozy Ben was well bowled up,
But he foreswore the poison cup,
Said he'd ne'er drink another drop
If thet blamed thing 'ud only stop,
An' went home soberer, they say,
Than e'er he had fer many a day.

Fer nigh an' hour, er thereabout,
We kept it up, an' then dug out;
But half the folks set up all night
A-prayin' fer the mornin' light,
An' some there be thet to this day
Think Satan came, thet night, their way.

The Old Meadow Brook

SOMETIMES now I get to thinking of the rippling
meadow brook,
Where in childhood's days I angled with the worm-
bait-hidden hook ;
And I seem to hear the music of the pebble-fretted
stream
Floating o'er the gulf of lost years, like a gentle,
soothing dream.

I can see myself, an urchin, with my limber green
birch pole,
Stealing cautious-like and silent to some well-known
fishing hole,
And with bated breath, all eager, drop my fish-
enticing hook
In the purling, curling waters of that dear old
meadow brook.

And the trout, so shy and wary, with his speckled,
glist'ning side,
When from out his secret hiding place my wriggling
bait he spied,
Would dart with lightning swiftness, and would
gobble up my hook,
And then find himself jerked quickly from the
laughing meadow brook.

And, when I had tired of angling, and the fish
 would bite no more,
I would quickly slip from out my clothes, and leave
 them on the shore
The while I went in swimming in some deep and
 watery nook
Of the cool, refreshing waters of the cleansing
 meadow brook.

Ah! the years have swift been speeding since those
 happy days of yore,
And now other merry urchins play upon the grassy
 shore;
But my heart is filled with longing once again to
 stand and look
On the dancing, gleaming waters of the dear old
 meadow brook.

Uncle Dan

UNCLE DAN is long at rest ; ruined stands the ancient mill ;

Passed from memory, almost, as the rest of us soon will.

All the boys loved Uncle Dan ; always cheerful, always gay,

And was ever quick to join and to lead our childish play.

Time had bent his manly form ; white his head, made whiter still

By the sifting, drifting dust of the grain ground in his mill.

What a wonder was that mill, with its busy wheels awhirl,

Driven by the great turbine by the waters set atwirl !

What a pleasure to explore all its dusty crannies queer,

Pausing in some dark recess, with an awe akin to fear,

At a row of dust-white posts, like some grim and ghostly clan

Waiting eager to entrap either us or Uncle Dan !

Ruined stands the ancient mill ; Uncle Dan has
gone to rest,
And the violet and rose long have blossomed o'er
his breast ;
And the boys are scattered far, like the leaves
before the breeze
That still haunts the old mill site, sighing sadly
'mong the trees.
Still the idle, wanton stream frets the pebble-studded
shore,
Where the whirling wheels once woke the glad
echoes with their roar.

When I reach the golden shore, I doubt not that I
shall see,
In some quiet, sheltered nook, with the children
'bout his knee,
Good, kind-hearted Uncle Dan, with his honest
face aglow,
Happy up there with the boys, as he always was
below ;
And when I select my place up in Heaven, if I can,
I will stop among the boys, by the side of Uncle
Dan.

Old-time Days

THERE'S a world o' pleasant mem'ries cluster round
my youthful days,
An' it sort o' sets me sighin' fer the good old-fash-
ioned ways
Thet were common 'mong the people when my
youthful bride an' me
Launched our bark upon the billows of life's matri-
monial sea.

We tuck on a quite a cargo in thet little ship o' ours,
But it wasn't gold nor silver, but was mostly love
an' flowers;
We'd a deck load of ambition an' of hope an'
persevere,
An' while freighted with such cargo our small craft
wa'n't hard to steer.

I suppose the people now days at our simple ways
would smile.
We gave most our thoughts to comfort, an' but
little heed to style.
Folks weren't courted fer position, nor fer wealth,
nor yet fer birth,
But fer gentleness o' manner, an' fer honesty an'
worth.

When we got an invitation to some social or infair,
Didn't have to stop an' wonder whiche'er outfit
we should wear :

No ! the matter of our wardrobe was the least of all
our woes ;

All we had to do in them days was put on our
"other clothes."

Our good neighbors wasn't critical about our style
o' dress,

An' about departed ancestors they cared a good
deal less.

Our society four hundred took in every one we
knew,

Irrespective of his station, if his heart was only
true.

Yis, I like to let my mem'ry wander back to days
o' yore,

An' I find myself a-wishin' thet them times were
here once more ;

Though they lacked the style an' polish, still I can-
not help but praise

Them 'ere simple, gentle manners of the good old-
fashioned days.

Abdallah's Lesson

ABDALLAH, pious above all mankind
Who dwelt in Mecca, morning, noon, and night
His voice to Allah raised in prayer. Contrite
Was he, and humble—pure in mind.

Inspired of Heaven he: not so his wife;
She daily stood the market place within,
And bought and sold, nor deemed it any sin
To mingle there in scenes of toil and strife.

While thus he prayed, she earned the food he ate;
But oft he reprimanded her. Said he:
“Thou shouldst devote thy life to prayer, like me.
Serve not thyself; Allah, alone, is great.”

At last his words sank deep into her heart.
Said she: “While Allah shall my poor life spare,
My voice to him I’ll raise in holy prayer.
Henceforth of righteousness I am a part.”

Abdallah’s heart was glad; and, side by side,
They prayed until the sun in heaven was high.
Then hunger to the pious man drew nigh
And loudly clamored to be satisfied.

Abdallah's wife still prayed : no food was there.

The good man's soul was vexed. "'Tis plain,"
he said,

"That even piety must needs be fed,
And man cannot exist alone by prayer."

And thus he learned, "Faith without works is
dead."

And, profiting by what he learned, straightway
He went to work, and prospered from that day,
And thanks to Allah gave for daily bread.

Bill

BILL was a coward — thet all of us said —
Wasn't a single brave hair in his head.
Why! don't you think? he fainted dead away
Jest watchin' on 'em kill a cat one day.
An' when it come hog-killin' time, he hid —
Bill did.

Boys usto try fer to git Bill to fight;
But Bill, he wouldn't, coz he said 'twa'n't right;
But we allowed 'twas coz he was afraid,
An' we would call 'im "baby" and "ole maid";
But he would say, "Talk boys, if it does you
good" —
Bill would.

Me 'n' Tom 'n' Phil 'n' Joe hed heaps o' fun
A-coonin' melons nights. Would Bill tech one?
Not much! he said 'twas stealin', but we thought
'Twas jest coz he was 'fraid o' gettin' caught.
Thieves didn't go to Heaven when they was dead,
Bill said.

Found out at last, though, thet air Bill could fight.
When we was pesterin' a dog one night,
Bill snatched away a battered ole tin pail
Thet we was splicin' onto thet pup's tail,
An' fought! He knocked out me 'n' Tom 'n' Phil—
Did Bill.

Guess a'ter all Bill isn't much afraid.
He's cur'ous like, but thet's the way he's made.
He won't let fellers pick on boys thet's small,
Or dogs. He's tender-hearted—thet is all.
Wa'n't tender, though, 'ith me 'n' Tom 'n' Phil—
Wa'n't Bill.

Uncle Mat

OLD and feeble and bent and gray,
Visage furrowed by grief and pain,
Feebly tottering along life's way,
Staying his steps with his broomstick cane,
Tanned by sun his wrinkled skin,
Matted his hair 'neath his brimless hat,
Bristling stubble upon his chin,—
Poor old wandering Uncle Mat.

Clouded his brain with weight of woe,
Haunted by sorrows and griefs of the past—
Pleasures departed long ago,
And happy days too sweet to last :
Trouble dwelt on his time-marked face ;
Grief on his wretched visage sat ;—
Wandering ever from place to place,—
Poor old demented Uncle Mat.

Uncle Mat fell asleep one day,
And dreamed of the happy days of old
When children round his knee did play,
Ere friends proved false and the world turned cold—
Of the happy home and the loving wife
That were his ere trouble his woes begat ;
He smiled as he dreamed of that blissful life,—
Weary and wretched Uncle Mat.

So sweet was the dream, he awoke no more ;
Peacefully sank to his long, long rest.
All of his troubles and travels are o'er,
And he lies by the ones he loved the best ;
And the grave, kept green by the sun and rain,
In that quiet, peaceful, restful plat,
Shields from all trouble, grief, and pain
The worn-out body of Uncle Mat.

An Unlearned Lesson

A SAGE there was, in days of old,
Rich—not in paltry land or gold—
But, blessed with wealth from wisdom's store,
His mind with wholesome truths ran o'er.
From far and near there daily came
Those intellectually lame,
And he right gladly, without price,
Gave helpful words and good advice.

One day, among the rest, there came
A man unlearned, Pambo by name,
Who, like the others, wisdom sought,
And asked that sacred truths be taught.
"Teach me," he said, "some psalm, I pray,
To guide my conduct day by day."

Then from the shelf the wise man took,
With reverence, the holy book,
And opening, began to read;
And thus he read: "I will take heed
Unto my ways, that I sin not
With mine own tongue." Thus far he got
When Pambo bade him read no more.
"I will retire to think this o'er
And learn this lesson first," said he,
"Then once again will come to thee."

Swift sped the months, full half a score,
Yet to the wise man came no more
The knowledge seeker ; but one day
They chanced to meet upon the way.
“How now?” the wise man to him said,
“Thy psalm remaineth still unread.
Canst thou not come and lend thine ear
Still other words of truth to hear?”
But Pambo gravely shook his head :
“Not so, my worthy sage,” he said ;
“My lesson still remains undone ;
I seek not yet another one.”

When half a century rolled by,
Yet likewise Pambo made reply.

Aunt Keziah

OLD Aunt Keziah is laid away —
Jest attended her fun'ral today.
Cur'ousest woman I ever see,
Allers a-sayin', "Du tell! la me!"
But never excited er surprised.
Whatever had happened, she'd surmised
That air same thing would happen thet way.
"La me! jest as I thought," she'd say.

Onst, when the cars run over her cow,
Some o' the neighbors, says they, "Ah! now
Old Aunt Keziah will have a spell."
But all that she said was "La me! du tell!
I've been expectin' it all the spring,
Fer thet air cow was a careless thing.
She was the poorest cow I had:
'Twasn't old Brindle; fer thet I'm glad."

There come a big storm one summer day, —
Carried the roof of her barn away.
"Now she will surely excited be,"
The neighbors cried; but she said, "La me!
What a blessin' 'tis! fer don't you know?
I'd said this week thet ruff must go,
Fer rotten 'twas an' needed repair.
It's done me a kindness, I declare!"

Death came an' laid his hand on her head :
"I have come to claim my own," he said.
But she only said, "La me! du tell!
I've been expectin' ye quite a spell."

* * * *

When entered she the City of Love
An' saw the glorious sights above,
I venture to say she said, "La me!
Heaven's jest the place I thought it would be."

*Skipper Ireson**

IN that green plat where the silent lie,
The village of Marblehead hard by,
Where ever is heard the ocean's roar,
As its waves belabor the rugged shore,
In a grave mid mossy, crumbling stones,
There rest today poor Ireson's bones—
Old Ben Ireson,† victim of wrong,
Mistaken in deed, misjudged in song.

Crushed was his spirit, broken his heart,—
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By his neighbors of Marblehead.

One pen that thrilled the world with its spell,
That wrote many truths and wrote them well,
Deceived by rumor, one ill-timed day,
Was sadly led into error's way.
Let mine be the hand and mine the pen
To right that wrong in the eyes of men.

*When the poet Whittier wrote the story of "Skipper Ireson's Ride," he was not aware of the fact that some of the sailors, upon their deathbeds, had made confessions that cleared Ireson of the charge of having willingly left the crew of the *Active*, of Portland, to perish for want of assistance—a charge that hung over him to the day of his death. To Captain Samuel A. Fabens, of Salem, Massachusetts, and Samuel Rhodes, Junior, of Washington, District of Columbia, a former resident of Salem, I am indebted for the facts recorded in this poem.

†Ireson's name was "Ben," and not "Flud," as represented in Whittier's narrative.

Let Skipper Ireson arise again,
 And tell the story in language plain —
 That bitter tale of a broken heart,
 When, tarred and feathered, he rode the cart
 Through the village of Marblehead.

“ ‘Twas a boomin’ sea an’ wicked gale,
 An’ the *Betty*, bearin’ all ’er sail,
 Was leavin’ astarn the Cape Cod light,
 When the *Active*, o’ Portland, hove in sight.
 She had run ’er distress to top o’ the mast,
 An’ Gibbons, he calls, ‘We’re sinkin’ fast!’
 Says I: ‘My men, here’s work to do!
 We’ll drop aour anchor an’ just lay to,
 An’ when the wind an’ sea go daown,
 We’ll take them fellaows straight into taown
 To their famblies in Morblehead.’

“ ‘Yer daft!’ they cried. ‘Lay to in this sea
 An’ faounder aoursel’s? No, no, not we!
 When ye talks o’ that, we all rebels;
 Aour duty naow is to save aoursel’s.’
 An’ spite o’ my talk, an’ efforts too,
 I had to yield to that stubborn crew.
 The *Active* an’ Gibbons war left behind,
 An’ likewise, as well, my peace o’ mind;
 An’ my horrt seemed sinkin’ too, that day,
 Along o’ that ship in Chaleur Bay,
 As we sailed into Morblehead.

“But some war rescued—come home next day.
What did my caowardly sailors say?
‘We wanted to stop an’ holp,’ says they,
‘But old Ben Ireson had his way,
An’ wouldn’t allaow of aour turnin’ back,
But left ’em to perish with the wrack.’
The folks believed ’em, an’ thus it came
That I was loaded with scorn an’ shame,
An’ taunted an’ currst for my horrd horrt,
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
By the people o’ Morblehead.

“Yaas, torr’d an’ futherr’d! Ah! do ye ken
What cruel things are oft done by men?
I, who war allers praoud o’ my name,
To thus be covered with scorn an’ shame,
Jeered by the rabble, an’ currst by all,
Despised an’ hated by great an’ small!
Do ye wunner that I crept away,
An’ shunned mankind from that bitter day?
Do ye wunner that it breaked my horrt—
Torr’d an’ futherr’d an’ corr’d in a corrt
By my neighbors o’ Morblehead?”

Old Ben Ireson this many a day
Has beneath the turf been laid away;
And the guilty sailors, at death’s gate,
Confessed the wrong, but, alas! too late.

All of our verses, all of our songs
Never can right poor Ireson's wrongs ;
But to his memory I would give
These lines, that the right, with the wrong, may live :
 This, to the man with the broken heart,
 Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
 Through the village of Marblehead.

The Witches of Salem

Ah, the town was in terrible plight !
Oh, how the people shivered with fright !
Ha ! the dread objects that roamed the night,
When the witches came to Salem !

The good people all turned white with fear,
As they met, the grewsome tales to hear,
Of the babes made sick, of the milk turned sour,
Of the broomstick rides at the midnight hour,
Of the cream, bewitched in the old stone churn,
That labor could not to butter turn,
Of revels held in the forest deep,
When the saintly folks were in bed asleep,
Of the Evil One, who nightly came
To council hold with some ugly dame
Who'd sold her soul and was bound to do
Whatever the Devil wished her to ;
And the thousand other things they heard,
Of horrible import, that occurred
When honest people were all in bed,
Filled their timid hearts and souls with dread.
The witches had come to Salem !

The self-complacent and pompous squire
Of a sudden lost his stately air,
And cowered with fear when he walked at night,
E'en as some cowardly urchin might;
And the worthy judge, whose sober tread
Scarce jostled the wig upon his head,
His pace would quicken at close of day,
Lest night should o'ertake him on the way.
And the parson in his priestly gown,
Felt strangely queer when the sun went down;
The governor, too, without a doubt,
Misgivings had when the light went out;
And the common people all held their breath,
And shivered all night, half scared to death,—
When the witches came to Salem.

Steps should be taken, they all agreed,
That from this evil they might be freed;
And so they met in the council hall,
And weighed the statements of one and all;
And elders, and chiefs, and judges wise,
There evidence found—to their surprise—
That friends and neighbors of good repute,
Whose morals no man had dared dispute,
Of late had bargained their souls away,
And now were under the Devil's pay;
And those who had always loved the good
And lived the lives the righteous should,

Of a sudden found their chief delight
In mounting a broom at dead of night
And galloping madly to and fro
In company of the imps below.
They addled the milk and people's wits,
And gave the innocent children fits,
And carried on in various ways
That kept the good people in a daze,—
Those witches that dwelt in Salem.

The path of duty seemed very clear ;
Yes, the magistrates must be severe
And deal in a way that once for all
Would place the witches beyond recall :
So fully a score of dames and men,
Who happened beneath the judge's ken,
Were bundled off in the Salem cart
To test the executioner's art.
Some begged for life, with piteous wail,—
They found their pleadings of no avail ;
Some meekly, silently, met their fate,
The victims of ignorance or hate ;
And one aged man, with furrowed cheek,
Was tortured to death, but would not speak.
Thus man and maid, thus neighbor and friend
Came to a sad and untimely end
When the witches came to Salem.

Error one day took wings and fled,
And Humiliation came instead :
The governor, he of honored name,
His reverend head bowed down with shame ;
And they who sat upon Justice's throne
Reaped part of the sorrow they had sown ;
The parson, he who had judged men's ways,
Repented in anguish all his days :
For Hatred, and Malice, and Envy too,
Deceit and Cunning — a fiendish crew —
Superstition, too, mistaken Zeal,
With Ignorance treading on her heel, —
These were, as those worthies now found out,
The only witches there were about —
 These the dread witches of Salem.

They of this story have passed away,
And enlightened Justice now holds sway.
Love, Liberty, and Right today
 Are the witches found in Salem.

CHILDREN'S POEMS



CHILDREN'S POEMS

Persevere

LIST, my boy ; a thought for you :
In this life, whate'er you do,
Be your labor great or small,
Do it well—or not at all ;
And whatever you begin,
Work until success you win.
 Keep your courage, never fear ;
 You can reach the goal, my dear,
 If you only persevere.

If some object you'd attain,
Keep at work with might and main :
All things come to him who works ;
Never to the one who shirks.
Fall not out beside the way ;
Labor faithfully each day.
 Never falter, never fear ;
 You will win the prize, my dear,
 If you only persevere.

There are rich rewards to win ;
If you'd have them, now begin.
Bear in mind, my boy, that luck
Is another name for pluck.

All things good are waiting you,
If you're faithful, honest, true.

Keep your courage, keep your cheer ;
You can win success, my dear,
If you only persevere.

The Hay Barn

OF all the fine places to frolic and play,
Just give me the hay barn upon a wet day —
Its beams and its braces just fitted to climb,
And its haymow the place to have a good time.

Ah! there's many a nook mid the oats and the rye
Where a fellow can hide when playing "I spy";
And when playing at circus, an elegant thing
Is the rope stretched over the mow for a swing.

To walk the big beam is a feat, you'll allow,
Or, hang by your heels from the rope o'er the mow;
To walk hand o'er hand 'cross the purlin is fun,
Then stand on your head on the mow when you're
done.

There are hens' eggs to hunt, and mice nests to find,
And wasp nests o'erhead you can rob if inclined.
Of all the fine places to frolic and play,
Just give me the hay barn upon a wet day.

Tale of the Turk and the Tartar

MAHMOUD was a Turk in the town of Yanar,
Who kept, years ago, a fine Turkish bazaar ;
 And his place was renowned
 All the country around,
For there the best raiment could always be found,
 With rings for the nose
 And fingers and toes,
And bracelets the ankles and arms to enclose.

Ben Chan was a Tartar, who happened one day
To call for a moment, when passing that way ;
 And he priced Mahmoud's rings
 And bracelets and things,
And allowed that the raiment was fitted for kings.
 He was filled with delight,
 But it puzzled him quite
To select him a robe with so many in sight.

At last, 'twixt two robes of an elegant make
He paused, undecided which garment to take.
 No difference in price,
 Both equally nice,
All the odds were in color and plan of device ;
 But he finally said,
 " You may give me the red ;
'Twill become me, I think, when over me spread."

So Mahmoud, well pleased, wrapped the garment
with care,

And passed it across to Ben Chan, waiting there.

As he took it, he said,

"I half fear I'm misled ;

I believe I prefer the yellow instead.

'Twould accommodate me

If you'd trade, sir," said he.

And Mahmoud said, "Surely, to that I'll agree."

The change was soon made, and Ben Chan walked
away,

First bidding the merchant politely "Good day";

But the merchant cried : "Hold !

My good friend, I make bold

To ask for the pay for the goods I have sold.

You forgot it, no doubt,

But were going without

Leaving the price we were talking about."

The Tartar replied, "You forget, sir, our trade—

The garment of red for the yellow robe paid."

Said the Turk, "Yes, I know ;

I'll admit that is so,

But yet for the garment of red you still owe."

"Why, how can that be?"

Said the Tartar. "You see

You still own that robe—you can't charge it to me."

The Turk for a moment in thought hung his head ;
“ I guess you are right,” he reluctantly said,
 “ Though it doesn’t appear,
 Just this moment, quite clear,
Yet the raiment of red, as you say, is still here.”
 Then Ben Chan walked away ;
 And the Turk, so they say,
Is puzzling his head o’er the problem today.

Sir Hubert's Ride

IN olden times, when valiant knights rode gaily
through the land
To rescue ladies in distress and lend a helping hand
To all the needy and oppressed, whoever they
might be,
There lived a young and sturdy knight, Sir Hubert
Fyddledee.

Sir Hubert long had sought in vain to test his
mettle true ;
But none there were in dire distress among all whom
he knew,
And nowhere in his neighborhood could he a foe-
man find :
It seemed that fate to Hubert brave was woefully
unkind.

He rode the country round about, astride his noble
steed,
Caparisoned from head to foot—a goodly sight,
indeed.
The peace that reigned about him was distressing
to his mind ;
No tyrant lord, or robber bold, could poor Sir
Hubert find.

One evening, riding homeward from a day of fruit-
less quest,
The bright moon shone behind him o'er the moun-
tains in the west ;
And lo ! there, just before him, riding boldly, same
as he,
Another knight now loomed in sight, all armed he,
cap-a-pie.

“ Hold ! hold ! ” cried Hubert, “ who art thou that
rides by night so bold ?
Halt, I command, until to me your mission you
have told.”
But never paused this somber knight, nor deigned
to make reply,
Nor seemed to notice that there was another rider
nigh.

“ Zounds ! ” quoth Sir Hubert, “ this is strange ;
perhaps he did not hear.”
So once again he shouted “ Halt ! ” in accents loud
and clear ;
But still no pause, but onward moved the doughty
knight and steed,
And to Sir Hubert's challenge bold gave not the
slightest heed.

“Gad zooks!” cried Hubert, “we will see what
means this bold disdain” ;
Then sank his spurs deep in his horse and rushed
with might and main
Straight toward the strangely silent knight; when, lo !
he sprang ahead,
And down the road with fearful speed the knightly
horseman fled,

And riding swift, and riding fast, with vengeance in
his eye,
Adown the road Sir Hubert and his noble steed did
fly.
But strive with all his strength and skill, and strive
with all his might,
Sir Hubert could not overtake the swiftly flying
knight.

Mile after mile adown the road the chased and
chaser fled,
The strange knight never losing ground, but always
just ahead.
He urged his steed to greater speed, but all of no
avail ;
His charger's breath came thick and fast, his
strength began to fail.

At last he staggered, stumbled, fell, and in the dust
and dirt
The knightly Hubert sprawling lay, but luckily
unhurt.
He quickly scrambled to his feet, and searched with
eager eye
Along the dusty road before, the stranger knight to
spy.

And lo ! there just before him was the object of his
chase,
The horse prone in the broad highway, the knight
before his face ;
And poor, chagrined Sir Hubert could but scarce
believe his sight,
When he saw that 'twas his shadow he'd mistaken
for a knight.

The Runaway Boy

OH, the naughtiest, sauciest, wickedest boy
That ever I chanced to see
Was the ragged and tattered and runaway boy
Who happened to live near me.

Oh, his parents and teachers he never would mind,
And from school he'd run away,
With some other audacious and runaway boys,
To indulge in idle play.

And the wob-ble-te-gob-ble-te-ketch-a-boy man
Was one day passing that way,
And he captured that boy in the wink of an eye,
And carried him far away.

He carried him deep in the wire-brier wood,
And he left him all alone,
Where the bob-by-us-jump-py-us howled and
roared,
And the big boo-boo made moan.

And the hip-pi-o-hop-pi-o-nos-si-ri-nos,
He growled and prowled all day;
But which one of the hobgoblins made off with the
boy
I'm not quite ready to say.

The Glorious Fourth

HURRAH! hurrah! the Fourth is here,
The loudest day of all the year.

'Tis roar and clang,
And pop and bang,
And 'tis fizz, whiz, sizz!
What a day it is!

What a glorious, and uproarious, patriotic day it is!

The cannons boom, and trumpets blare
And martial music fills the air.

And 'tis pum, bum,
Of big bass drum;
And 'tis toot, toot, toot,
Of the horns, and shoot
Of the crackers, guns, and rockets that toward the
 heavens scoot.

And then the gaudy, grand parade!

The troops in uniform arrayed,

And tramp of feet
Adown the street,
And 'tis flip, flap, flare
Of the flags in air,—

Of the glorious spangled banners waving gaily in the
 air.

Hurray! and how the people shout!
Hurray! and how the speakers spout!
And whoop! hurray!
For the splendid day
With its fun and noise
And its woes and joys,
The gladdest day in all the year for our patriotic
boys.

A Lullaby

THE shades of night are falling, falling ;
The birds their mates are calling, calling ;
The fiery sun has sunk to rest ;
The birdie seeks its tiny nest :
Come, baby, lie upon my breast,
And sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby, sleep.
Angels will come and watch o'er thee keep.
Sweet be thy dreams, thy slumber be deep.
Lullaby, darling, sleep, baby, sleep.

The moon o'er hill is beaming, beaming ;
In sky the stars are gleaming, gleaming ;
And Dreamland's boat now waits for thee,
To waft thee over Slumber Sea :
Safe, yes safe, thy voyage will be,—
O sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby, sleep.
Angels will come and watch o'er thee keep.
Sweet be thy dreams, thy slumber be deep.
Lullaby, darling, sleep, baby, sleep.

Sweet sleep o'er thee is creeping, creeping ;
Ah ! soon thou wilt be sleeping, sleeping ;
And as I lay thee in thy bed,
May blessings from above be shed
In showers upon thy tiny head :
 So sleep, baby, sleep.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby, sleep.
Angels will come and watch o'er thee keep.
Sweet be thy dreams, thy slumber be deep.
Lullaby, darling, sleep, baby, sleep.

How Abed Saved His Head

ABED BEN HADED, a wise Mussulman,
Who dwelt in a hut where the broad Tigris ran,
Once made a remark which the caliph displeased,
And he swore that his wrath could not be appeased
By anything short of Ben Haded's demise.
"And yet," said the caliph, "since he is so wise,
If he will make answer correctly to three
Simple questions to be propounded by me,
His life shall be spared; but if not," with a smile,
"His presence no longer the earth shall defile."

Ben Haded agreed—what else could he do?—
And asked that the ordeal be hurried through.
So the caliph began, with a smile of grim glee:
"What is it I think? that's the first one," said he.
"Ah! that is quite easy," Ben Haded replied.
"You think I can't fathom the thoughts that abide
Unexpressed in your brain; but I have, as you see;
And thus the first answer is right, you'll agree."
And the caliph, well pleased with this clever reply,
Said: "That those were my thoughts I cannot deny."

To answer the next one will not be such play.
The question is this: "What next will I say?"
Ben Haded his head bowed a moment in thought:
"I think you will say—at least, sire, you ought—"

That your highness can illy afford to dispense
With one who's endowed with both wisdom and
sense."

"Well said!" cried the caliph; "your answer is
right;

I hadn't before viewed the thing in that light.
Your life shall be spared if the last of the three
Is answered as aptly as these two," said he.

"What next will I do? tell me that, if you can;
That's a problem I think is unknown to man."

But Abed Ben Haded said: "This you will do:

Because I've amused and entertained you—

Your heart is so kind, generosity great—

You will give me a title and handsome estate."

And it was even so, for the caliph straightway

Made Abed Ben Haded grand vizier that day;

For said he, "I can illy afford to dispense

With one who's endowed with both wisdom and
sense."

The Boy and the Bouncing Bear

THIS is the story, as far as it goes,
Of the boy and the bouncing bear —
The bear with the black, inquisitive nose
And the long and shaggy hair,
And the boy with the melting eyes of blue
And a love of stories — about like you.

The bear, he dwelt in a deep, dark wood,
And he hunted, day by day,
For tender boys, — just as he should,
For bears are built that way,
And it's really a duty for bears to eat
Each tender boy that they chance to meet.

Now, the boy with the melting eyes of blue
Went seeking the bouncing bear ;
For he liked to have his stories new,
And he said he didn't care
For stories after they'd once been told.
“They lose their flavor,” said he, “when old.”

So thus it occurred that he went one day
Into the forest deep,
And there, where the shadows thickest lay,
And the sunshine dare not creep,
He met the bear with inquisitive nose, —
And this is as far as the story goes.

A Bold Hold-up

WHILE walking out the other day,
Now, whom do you think I met?
The Greatest Rogue That Ever Was,
And The Biggest Rascal Yet.

The Greatest Rogue That Ever Was
Said, "Uncle, Helen and I
Are going down to the candy store
An all-day sucker to buy."

The Biggest Rascal Yet, she says,
"An' I'se got ve money—see?
Vere's but one cent, an' I des wish
You'd dive anoizzer to me."

There was I, on the street held up
By that bold and rascally two;
I promptly passed the money o'er,
For what could a fellow do?

And then the robbers let me go;
And off with a skip and a hop,
The Rogue and Rascal, hand in hand,
Went on to the candy shop.

When Uncle Sam Was Young

WHEN Liberty first spread her wings, and Free-
dom found her tongue,
When Independence Day was new, and Uncle Sam
was young,
When came the jolly Fourth around—the first
grand celebration—
With fun and noise for all the boys, with joy and
exultation,
Do you suppose those old-time lads, so many years
ago,
Knew half the joys the merry boys of recent dec-
ades know?

Did Andrew Jackson fireworks have? If so, do you
suppose
He got excited, burned his hands, and set on fire
his clothes?
And did the youthful James Monroe, when shoot-
ing off a rocket,
Forget and drop his lighted punk with crackers in
his pocket?
Did Madison and Jefferson and Burr upon that day
At early dawn shoot cannons off and scare the
infant Clay?

I wonder if Ben Franklin, with approving smile,
 stood by
And watched the brilliant rockets as they sailed
 across the sky.
And Hancock, he whose heavy hand signed Free-
 dom's proclamation,
Do you suppose his bosom swelled with rapture and
 elation?
And from a flag-enveloped stand did Washington
 proclaim,
And call in bursts of eloquence on Freedom's sacred
 name?

Do you suppose a grand parade passed by the
 speaker's stand,
The columns moving gayly to the music of the
 band?
And did they have fantastics, and all kinds of
 games and races,
And a thousand glad surprises at all sorts of times
 and places?
What all was done upon that day? I'd really like
 to know
Just how they spent that old-time Fourth so many
 years ago.

Father Sun and Mother Moon

GOOD father Sun and mother Moon, a many years
ago,
Looked down upon the cold, dark earth so many
miles below.

“How dark and drear,”
Said he, “my dear,
Those hills and valleys there appear !
And we have light to spare, up here.”
Says she, “That’s so, that’s so.”

Says father Sun to mother Moon: “My dear, let
you and I
Hereafter keep our lanterns burning brightly in the
sky :

I’ll shed my light
By day ; at night
You can the darkness put to flight
With your soft beams so clear and white.”
Says she, “I’ll try, I’ll try.”

So all day long good father Sun his lantern holds
on high,
And slowly carries it across the blue arch of the
sky.

When in the west
He sinks to rest,
Then mother Moon is manifest,
And all night long she does her best
The world to glorify.

Twins

SWEET four-year-old Fannie sits on mamma's knee :

"I love you, I love you, dear mamma," says she.

"How much do you love me, you elf?" mamma said.

Then, thoughtfully, Fannie inclined her wise head :

The problem of love was not hard to decide ;

"I love you with all of my heart," she replied.

Then her papa she sought and gave him a kiss,

And he on the subject then questioned the miss.

"How much does my girl love her papa, my dear?"

He asked, as he playfully pinched her pink ear.

She gave him a hug, and a pat on the head :

"I love you with all of my heart, too," she said.

"Now, how can that be?" said her pa, puzzled quite.

"On this funny problem please give me some light :

If you love your mamma with all of your heart,

Pray, how can that leave me the whole or a part?"

He smilingly waits her solution to hear.

"I think that my heart must be twins, papa dear."

My Big Brother

My big brother, you ist ought 'o know him !

He knows ve mostest fings :

He can tell wight off ve kind a bird is

Ist by ve song it sings ;

'N' he knows ist vare vey all make veir nests ;

'N' one time he took me

To vere vey was a nest wiv some wee birds,

'N' helt me up to see.

My big brother, he knows how to kill warts

When you've handled a toad.

You ist take 'n' rub ve wart wiv a stone,

Ven lay it in ve road ;

'N' nen whoever turns vat stone aroun',

Vey gets ve wart, you see.

But I don't handle toads, you bet ! fer I

Don't want no warts on me.

'N' my big brother, he can whistle, too,

Ist ve bulliest kind.

'N' my big brother, he don't cry ; ven ma

Whips him, ven he don't mind.

Wisht I could do vat way, but I ist howl

Ven ma or pa whips me.

Wisht I was big as him, but brother says

Vat some day I will be.

The Fairy and the Burr

A CHESTNUT burr, with prickly fur,
Upon the parent tree,
One autumn day was heard to say
To Mr. Bumblebee :
“How sad am I, who cannot fly
Or run or leap or hop
Like beast or bee, but on this tree
Am always doomed to stop !

“The birds and bees float o’er the trees ;
The rabbits leap or run ;
The nimble squirrels, and boys and girls,
Indulge in active fun ;
But day and night I’m stuck here tight,
And though I long to roam,
As you’ll perceive, I ne’er can leave
My leafy tree-twigg home.”

A fairy small, who’d chanced to call,
O’erheard this fretful talk.
She shook her head and gently said :
“Your wish to fly or walk
I’ll grant to you. Which will you do?
Just name it and ’tis done.”
Then cried the burr, “I’d much prefer
To be a beast and run.”

A gentle wave the fairy gave
Of jeweled wand so small,
When, with a bound, unto the ground
The burr was seen to fall.
Lo! there appear eyes, mouth, and ears,
Four legs, a tail, some feet,—
Strange, you'll agree,—and then we see
A porcupine complete.

The Brave Midget

SOME years ago, in good old times,
When giants were in style,
And fairies, nymphs, and midgets small,
Deigned on mankind to smile,
A cruel giant vexed the land
And all the world defied ;
And none were found among the brave
To conquer his fierce pride.

A king there was — there always is —
Who had a daughter fair ;
And, though he loved her very much,
At last, in his despair,
He offered her — they always do —
To that brave one who should
The giant slay or drive away
From out the neighborhood.

A midget just six inches tall
This proclamation read ;
And, hast'ning to the royal court,
The king he sought, and said :
“ I fain would try to win the hand
Of your sweet daughter fair,
So on the morrow I will slay
The giant. Thus I swear ! ”

Down at the midget gazed the king,
Half speechless with surprise.
"This is indeed a merry jest,"
He laughingly replies:
"Go bring to me the giant's head
And win the princess' hand,
And to that royal prize I'll add
One half of all my land."

Now, when the giant heard a foe
Was come to take his life,
He buckled on his armor bright
And hurried to the strife;
But when he saw this tiny man,
He gasped and caught his breath;
He coughed and choked in sheer surprise,—
And laughed himself to death.

The rest, of course, you all can guess—
All fairy tales end so:
The giant's head he carted back
The doubting king to show;
A wedding grand at once was made,
And he the princess wed;
And ever afterward they lived
Quite happily, 'tis said.

*How a King Lost His Christmas
Dinner*

THE stately banquet hall was trimmed with ever-
greens galore ;
The lengthy tables groaned with food ; a hundred
plates or more
Were waiting for the noble guests who, at the
king's command,
Were coming to partake of cheer—the best in all
the land.

When all assembled, cried the king, “Go bring the
yule log in,
And when its fire lights bright these walls, then let
the feast begin” ;
And, eager to obey his voice, twelve yeomen, lusty,
stout,
With salutations to the king rushed down the hall
and out.

There in the snow the great log lay—’twas full
three fathoms long :
But little cared the yeomen ; they were willing,
brave, and strong.
They dragged it through the open door and down
the long, long hall,
And rolled it on the ruddy blaze amid the cheers
of all.

Now, when the woodman picked this tree out from
among the rest,
He knew it not, but in its heart was hid a wild
bees' nest.
It being cold, the bees within were stiff, and made
no sign ;
And thus they too—against their will—came with
the king to dine.

Scarce seated were the guests around the festive
Christmas board,
Ere from the smoking yule log streamed the bees,
an angry horde.
They spared not, neither high nor low, but drove
them from the hall :
Lords, ladies, dukes, and king as well, fled quickly,
one and all.

In time the fire burned low and died ; the frost
crept through the door ;
The angry bees were numbed with cold, and fell
upon the floor ;
But ere the king dared back to come within the
banquet hall,
The hungry hounds the feast had found and straight-
way eaten all.

Slumber Street

OH, miles and miles of beds in a row,
Acres of coverlets white as snow,
Pillows and pillows, and sheets galore,
Blankets and quilts by the hundred score—
Ah! these are the sights that each night greet
The children who go to Slumber Street.

Hush-a-byes, hush-a-byes, soft and low,—
Rhythmical murmurs, both fast and slow,—
Ditties and hymn tunes, and ballads rare,
Melodies gay and with plaintive air,
Lullabies tender and soft and sweet,—
This is the music of Slumber Street.

Visions delightful, happy, and gay,
Of wonderful toys and merry play;
Fanciful pictures of rare delight,
Of verdant fields and skies that are bright—
Oh! these are the dreams the children meet
Who travel each night to Slumber Street.

Oh, scores upon scores of weary heads
Peacefully resting in miles of beds;
Each pair of eyelids is closed up tight,
And each pair of eyes is hid from sight.
Resting bodies and tired little feet—
This is the business of Slumber Street.

The Thoughtless Three

THE flutter-by and the hopper-grass and the
humble-bumblebee,
Set forth one day in the month of May the wide,
wide world to see.
Said they, "We'll go where flowers grow and
there's never a fret nor care,
And the summer through we'll sip the dew and
inhale the perfume rare."

As they wandered down through the orchard bloom,
the ant they chanced to spy;
"Come, come," cried they, "with us and play";
but the ant replied, "Not I;
I have work to do ere the summer's through, for
winter will soon be here:
And, friends, you too will sadly rue the time you
waste, I fear."

The flutter-by and the hopper-grass and the
humble-bumblebee,
As they danced away on the breath of May, at the
thought laughed merrily.
But alas! alas! it came to pass that the summer
swiftly sped,
And the thoughtless three perished miserably, while
the ant was housed and fed.

The Grisly Grum

OH, the quarrelsome,
Worrisome Grisly Grum
 Delights in a fracas and noise ;
And he lingers about
To watch for a pout
 On the faces of girls and boys.

Now, this Grisly Grum
Is completely o'ercome
 By a smile or a word of good cheer ;
But he bellows with joy
When he sights a bad boy,
 And he smiles with a horrible leer.

If the Grisly Grum
Should happen to come
 When the children are pouty and bad,
And whisk them away
In the night or the day,
 Oh, bless me ! but that would be sad.

For fear that he may,
It is best, when at play,
 To be pleasant, and gentle, and good ;
For he has, so 'tis said,
An unconquerable dread
 Of those who behave as they should.

The Little German Band

HURRAH ! the little German band has come to town
once more :

Just see them in their uniforms as they pass by the
door !

They stop upon the corner, and the children gather
near,

And eagerly they crowd around the music sweet to
hear.

'Tis "Tootle-te-tootle-te-too" and "Oom-te-tarty-
tay" :

How the children run to see the fun when the band
begins to play !

There's Jimmie Lee, gone mad with glee, a-walking
on his hands ;

And Kittie Brown is waltzing on the walk with
Johnnie Sands ;

And all the babies in the block are rushed upon the
street,

That they may share with others in the rare and
wondrous treat.

'Tis "Tootle-te-tootle-te-too" and "Oom-te-tarty-
tay" :

How the children run to see the fun when the band
begins to play !

And the old folks, too, look out from the window or
the door,
And it almost makes them feel as though they too
were young once more.
And they listen, and they smile, and they nod their
heads in time
To the ripple and the flow of the melody sublime.
'Tis "Tootle-te-tootle-te-too" and "Oom-te-tarty-
tay":
How the children run to see the fun when the band
begins to play!

The hats are passed, and up the street a-marching
then they go,
With half a hundred children a-following in tow;
And soon we hear the distant tune, in faint and
softened notes,
Like hazy dream of pleasures past, as down the
breeze it floats.
'Tis "Tootle-te-tootle-te-too" and "Oom-te-tarty-
tay":
How the children run to see the fun, when the band
begins to play!

The Tables Turned

THREE little girls in a row, oh ho !
Three little girls in a row :
 And one saucy face is hidden by curls,
 And one in her hand her sunbonnet twirls,
 And all are wee, saucy midgets of girls—
Three little girls in a row.

Three little boys hid near by, oh my !
Three mischievous boys, my eye !
 And one cried, “Bah !” with a terrible shout,
 And two cried, “Boo !” as they all rushed out,
 And put these three little girls to rout
With their strange and startling cry.

“Boo hoo !” cried the girls in alarm, “boo hoo !”
Oh, what shall we do, we do ?”
 “Te he !” cried the boys, as they ran ; “te he !
 Such fun as this we never did see.”
 And they danced and shouted and laughed in
 glee,
And made a great hullabaloo.

“Oh ho!” cried three mammas with switches,

“oh ho!

There’s mischief afoot, we know”:

And they captured those boys in the wink of an
eye,

And out of their jackets they made the dust fly,

And, merciful me! how those urchins did cry!

Such a sorrowful time, oh ho!

A Pair of Runaways

' WAY down in the wood—in the deep, dark wood—
In a quiet, safe retreat,
There dwelt a growlery grizzly bear,
And her dear cub, Nimblefeet;
And often she told her baby bear
Of the dangers of the wood,
And warned him ever to stay at home,
Just as a little bear should.

In a cottage small, beyond the wood,
With his mother kind and true,
There lived a frolicsome, laughing boy,
Just about as big as you;
And often this mother told her child
Of the dangers of the wood,
And warned him ever to stay at home,
Just as a little boy should.

But it chanced one day, when from her home
Mrs. Bear was forced to go,
That the baby bear crept slyly out—
For a little walk, you know;
But the sights were all so strange and rare
That before he hardly knew,
He had wandered far into the wood,
And his home was lost to view.

Now it also chanced that afternoon
That another runaway —
The little boy, from his cottage home —
Came into the wood to play;
And just when the shadows longer grew,
In a dark and gloomy place,
The timid bear and the frightened boy
Came together, face to face.

With a snort, a squeal, and whine of fear
The little bear turned and fled;
While with screams and cries, with equal haste,
The little boy homeward sped.
And now, it is said, the little bear
Stays at home, just as he should;
And the boy no more desires to play
In the shadow-haunted wood.

The Wicked Wambellee Woo

A WICKED old Wam-bel-lee Woo,
Goes about in the dark crying, "Boo!"
And I tremble o' nights, when the light is put out,
For fear that this creature, in roaming about,
May chance upon me and then wickedly shout
His weird and uncanny cry, "Boo!"

That this wandering Wam-bel-lee Woo
May be harmless, I'll grant may be true;
But his shadowy form and his great, glaring eyes,
And the swish of his inky-black wings, as he flies,
Will alarm me, I'm sure, as he pauses and cries,
In the night, by my bedside, his "Boo!"

This wicked old Wam-bel-lee Woo
I have never yet seen — nor have you —
But I have a queer feeling that, roaming about,
There is just such a creature, without any doubt;
And some night he'll scare me, I'm sure, with his
shout —
His startling and terrible "Boo!"

Pussy's Valentine

SAID a purring, persuasive Thomas Cat
To a meek little Molly Mouse:
"You're the sweetest creature, I really think,
To be found in all the house.
You look so cunning, so lovely, so fair,
I trust that you'll not decline
To grant me the favor I most desire:
'Tis to be my valentine."

Said the flattered, deluded Molly Mouse,
To the purring Thomas Cat,
"Such language as yours I have seldom heard —
So gallant and all o' that:
So I will confess that your tender tone
And manner superbly fine,
Have awakened a fondness in my heart;
And I'll be your valentine."

So the Thomas Cat and the Molly Mouse
Wandered gaily, side by side,
To the cozy nook by the woodshed door
Where the pussy cats abide.
Then what do you think that Thomas Cat did
When he sat him down to dine?
He pounced upon this poor little mouse,
And ate up his valentine.

Timorous Tommy

JUST listen a moment, and I will tell
Of a strange adventure that befell
A timid youngster I knew quite well —
Young Timorous Tommy of Glenwood Dell.
Just out of the dell, half up the hill,
There stood a towering, tall windmill,
And still beyond stood a cottage small,
Where lived a lad named Timothy Hall,
A playmate of Timorous Tommy.

One night young Tommy essayed to go
To Timothy's house — for a call, you know.
The thin, new moon, with its faint, pale glow,
Scarce lighted the objects on earth below.
As Timorous Tommy stole up the road
Toward the cottage small where his friend abode,
His heart grew sick with a nameless fear;
He felt some danger was lurking near —
Apprehensive Timorous Tommy !

Then, what do you think? Alack ! alack !
A terrible thing stood in his track ;
'Twas tall and shadowy, and weird and black,
And its waving arms seemed warning him back,

While there came a grinding, munching noise,
As though the creature were eating boys.
With a cry of terror he turned and fled,
And down the road to his home he sped —
 Poor, terrified Timorous Tommy !

He trod that road the following day,
And then discovered, to his dismay,
That the creature fierce which blocked his way
And led him such terror to display
Was naught but the busy, long-armed mill,
That clanked and creaked as, with hearty will,
It labored all day and turned all night,
Innocent of all intent to fright
 This trembling Timorous Tommy.

Orphan Billy

YOUNG Billy hasn't any ma
To tell him w'at to do.
To make him mind, an' comb his hair,
An' keep him in a stew.
He doesn't hafto wash hisself,
Ner mind about his clo'es—
I tell ye Bill has mostest fun
Of any boy I knows.

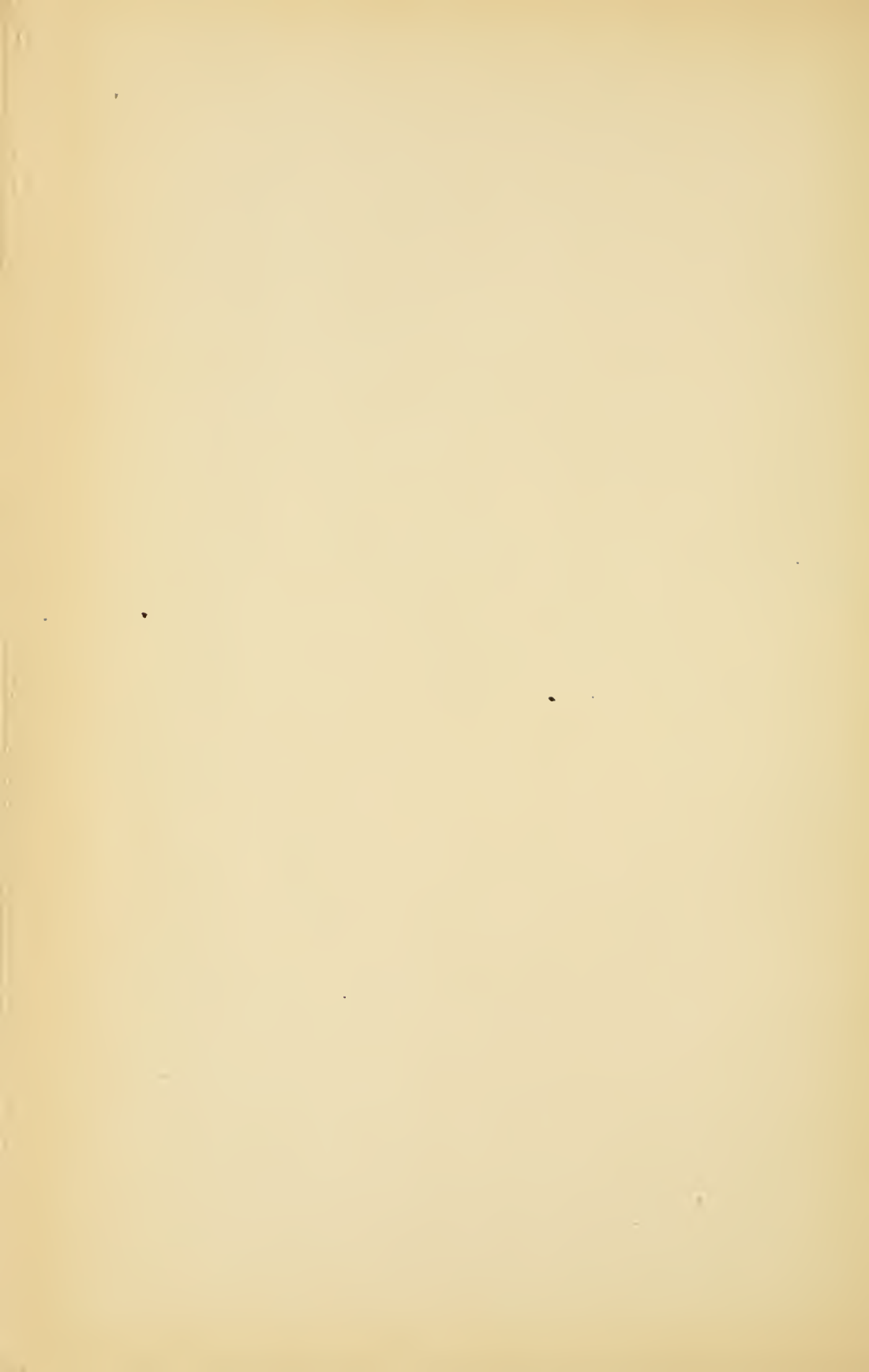
'N' Bill kin go a-fishing, too,
Whenever he's inclined,
'N' he kin stay away all day
'N' no one ever mind.
I tell you, orfuns has a snap:
I most wisht I was one;
My ma an' pa watch me so clost
I can't have any fun.

'N' Bill kin stay out late o' nights,
Till nine o'clock, or ten;
But let me stay till half past eight,
'N' sompthin' happens, then!
'N' you ist ought to see Bill's clo'es,
All tored up into bits;
But if mine's tared a little mite
My ma ist gives me fits.

Yis, orfun's has a snap, fer sure :
Still, when I come to think
About not havin' any ma,
I kind o' haften to wink
To keep the tears from comin' out ;
Fer ma is awful kind,
'N' treats me nice an' lovin', too,
Ist 'cept when I don't mind.

She gives me pie an' cake 'tween meals,
'N' helps me make my kites,
'N' sets fer hours beside my bed
When I am sick o' nights,
'N' softly, gently strokes my head,
'N' calls me her dear son —
I think I'd druther keep my ma,
'N let Bill have the fun.

MISCELLANEOUS



MISCELLANEOUS

If You've Only Got the Sand

ARE you struggling on life's journey
For a place toward the top?
Are you sometimes faint and weary
And almost inclined to stop?
Do not falter, but keep going ;
Grasp your staff tight in your hand ;
Push ahead ; you'll surely get there
If you've only got the sand.

Do you wish to be a soldier,
Fighting battles for the right?
Strap your knapsack on your shoulder,
Grasp your weapons firm and tight ;
You can lead the hosts to battle,
You the armies can command,
You can reach the front and stay there
If you've only got the sand.

Would you gain an author's laurels,
Winning hearts with ready pen,
Setting words to pleasant music,
Shaping thoughts and wills of men?
Would you help the world be better?
Help drive evil from the land?
Buckle in! you'll surely get there
If you've only got the sand.

Or, is there some fond position
That you eagerly desire?
Does fame hold some crown above you
To gain which you would aspire?
Make a start, if you would win it!
Pluck is always in demand.
There is naught you cannot conquer
If you've only got the sand.

Don't You Think it Better?

If the sun were always shining,
And the sky were always blue,
Then the grass would miss the raindrops
And the flowers would miss the dew.
If the night ne'er brought the darkness,
Then the stars would never shine.
Don't you think that it is better
Light and darkness to combine?

If we never had to battle
With temptation or with sin,
We could never test our mettle,
We could never victories win.
If we never had to labor,
We could ne'er enjoy the rest.
Don't you think that toil and trouble,
After all, are for the best?

If our paths were always level,
And we ne'er climbed mountain heights,
We could not gaze o'er the landscape
At its grand and pleasing sights.
If this world contained no sorrow,
Joys would hardly be complete.
Don't you think that it is better,
Mixing bitter with the sweet?

The Brave Ones

It is easy to smile when the bright sun is shining,
And Fortune is walking along by your side ;
It is easy to laugh with our friends all about us,
When nothing of evil or illness betide ;
But brave are the ones who, with skies that are
darkened,
And Trouble attending, and fair Fortune fled,
Will continue to smile, nor succumb to disaster,
But, firm and unyielding, keep pushing ahead.

It is easy to sail over life's bounding billows
When the wind and the tide keep moving our
way ;
And 'tis easy to sing when the fates are propitious,
And blue are the heavens, and calm is the day ;
But when fiercely the storm king is raging and
roaring,
And dangers press thickly upon every side,
How brave is the man who will shrink not from
danger,
But bend to the oars, and pull strong 'gainst the
tide !

'Tis not hard to do right when the Tempter is absent,

And duty's demands are a joy to obey ;
When kind friends surround you, who ever are
ready

To lend their assistance to help on the way.
The hero is he who alone struggles onward,

Who meets with the Tempter, nor yields to his
wiles,
Who can suffer, and struggle with ills that beset
him,

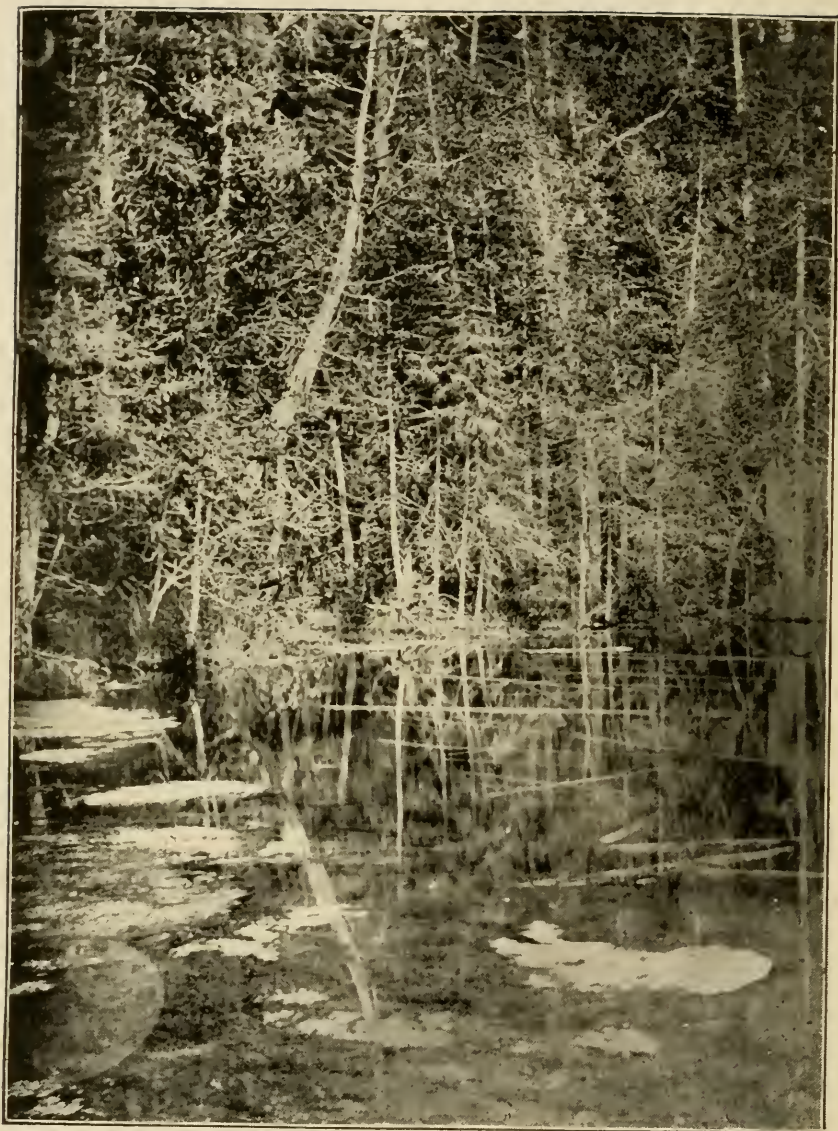
And still face the world with kind words and
sweet smiles.

High Tide

HIGH tide! The angry ocean fiercely charges on
the shore;
Its mighty waves beat on the rocks with sullen,
baffled roar:
The path I thought to walk along lies buried 'neath
the wave,
Like hopes I fondly cherished once, that early found
a grave.

From far out o'er the ocean's breast the mighty
billows roll,
Like trouble sweeping swiftly on to overwhelm my
soul;
My pathway seems forever lost, and joy forever fled,
And tumult, storm, commotion fierce, before my face
are spread.

But while I stand with sinking heart and trembling
with my fears,
Behold! the tide hath swept away, the pathway now
appears;
And where my way was hidden deep beneath the
waters' whirl,
Lo! on the sands, just at my feet, the waves have
laid a pearl.



Would I might stay, like the laughing brook, where lie the shadows cool !
For comfort hides and joy abides beside that woodland pool.

The Woodland Pool

DEEP in the woodland dell, where the white birch
lovingly leans,
And the lily's gold from the sun's glance bold is
sheltered by leafy screens,
The laughing brook its current stays where the
shadows fall so cool,
And, by green banks pressed, its waters rest in the
placid woodland pool.

The playful squirrel, the sportive hare, the wily fox
draw near ;
They slyly glance — and bathe, perchance — within
its waters clear.
The deer so fleet his nimble feet stays on its mossy
brink
To view his mirrored form below and of its waters
drink.

The song bird builds its tiny nest in leafy bowers
above,
And all the day it trills a lay — a symphony of love.
Would I might stay, like the laughing brook, where
lie the shadows cool,
For comfort hides and joy abides beside that wood-
land pool.

Von Blinker the Tinker

YEARS ago, when this country was wilder and newer,
When customs were diff'rent and people were fewer,
There passed through the land an itinerant tinker
Who bore the proud title of Gottlieb Von Blinker—

Von Blinker the tinker, a most profound thinker
Philosopher, traveler, Gottlieb Von Blinker.

He mended the pans for the justice and mayor,
For Peter the blacksmith and John the surveyor,
For Andrew the fisher and Charles the musician,
For Henry the farmer and Paul the physician—

Did the tinker Von Blinker, a most profound
thinker,
Philosopher, traveler, Gottlieb Von Blinker.

And day after day, while Gottlieb was mending,
He listened to gossip and tattle unending.
At Peter's he learned of the faults of the farmer,
And Henry disclosed the weak points in John's
armor

To the tinker Von Blinker, a most profound
thinker,
Philosopher, traveler, Gottlieb Von Blinker.

The rich blamed the poor for their humble condition ;
 The poor cursed the rich for their social position ;
 And each man would point to some neighborhood
 sinner,

And paint a dire picture for Gottlieb the tinner—
 For the tinker Von Blinker, a most profound
 thinker,
 Philosopher, traveler, Gottlieb Von Blinker.

The result of his years of profound observation
 At last was brought out in a brief conversation :
 “Ouf you mix een von pag der poor unt der richer,
 You neffer couldt dell der vich vrom der vicher,”
 Said the tinker Von Blinker, a most profound
 thinker,
 Philosopher, traveler, Gottlieb Von Blinker.

The Rose and the Thorn

You doubtless have read what the pessimist said —
“There’s-a thorn hiding close to each rose”;
But who, tell me, pray, for the thorn stays away
From the loveliest flower that grows?
Who minds the slight prick of the thorns
When seeking the sweet-blooming rose?
Who cares for their sting when they bring,
when they bring
The fragrant and beautiful rose.

One always can find, if to sad views inclined,
Some sting hidden near to each joy;
But sad is the heart that will let the slight smart
Of the thorn all his pleasures destroy.
Why! I welcome the prick of the thorn
If it brings me the scent of the rose;
Its clinging caress I will bless, I will bless,
If it brings me the sweet-blooming rose.

Yes, give me the sting of the thorns, for they bring
Rare pleasures along with the smart;
And this all must know — wherever we go,
Joy and sorrow are never apart.

But what of the prick and the pain?
But what of the pang when one knows
That each smart and each sting to our hearts
 soon will bring
The fragrance and balm of the rose?

Take Courage

THE task that looked so difficult
When first it met your view,
Completed brings its meed of joy
And recompense to you.
The way that looked so long and steep
Leads you to heights sublime ;
The mountain view is rich reward
To those who choose to climb.

The day that looked so dark and drear
And promised so much pain
Has been endured, and brought, no doubt,
Some pleasure or some gain.
The starless night which filled with dread
Your timid, shrinking breast
Brought peace unto your weary soul,
Unto your body rest.

Then courage take, and bravely meet
Each changing scene of life,
Assured that strength and wisdom come
With labor and with strife.
Each piercing thorn foretells the rose
That soon will meet your view ;
Each sorrow whispers of some joy
That lies in wait for you.

The Time for Dreaming

WHEN the day is dead, and the sun has fled,
And the beautiful stars are gleaming,
Bedecking the skies, and the soft wind sighs,
Ah! that is the time for dreaming;—
When refulgent the skies with bright, watchful eyes,
Ah! that is the time for dreaming.

Each beautiful star that is shining afar
Is a thought, a memory, streaming
From the heavenly blue, and is bringing to you
Sweet, shadowy myths for your dreaming;—
Down, down from the blue are floating to you
Sweet, mystical thoughts for your dreaming.

Each soft, gentle beam is a dream, is a dream,
A phantom, with all of the seeming
Of the real and the true, and they drift down to you
Sweet fallacies, born of your dreaming;—
They float down to you, seeming real, seeming
true—
Sweet rhapsodies, born of your dreaming.

Sunset on the Farm

DOWN behind the western hill the red sun sinks to
rest.

All the world is weary, and I am weary too.
The partridge seeks its covert, and the redbird seeks
its nest,

And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to
home and you.

Home when the daylight is waning —

Home when my toiling is done ;

Ah ! down by the gate sweet watching eyes wait

My coming at setting of sun.

The sheep from off the hillside haste to the shep-
herd's fold,

For death lurks in the mountains and darkness
comes apace.

The fleeing sun looks backward and turns the sky
to gold,

Then folds the mantle of the night across its crim-
son face.

Home when the daylight is waning —

Home when my toiling is done ;

Ah ! down by the gate sweet watching eyes wait

My coming at setting of sun.

Lay aside the hoe and spade, and put the sickle by ;
 All the world is weary, and I am weary, too.
 Gently fades the rosy light from out the western sky,
 And I am coming from the fields, dear heart, to
 home and you.

Home when the daylight is waning —
 Home when my toiling is done ;
 Ah ! down by the gate sweet watching eyes wait
 My coming at setting of sun.

Good Night

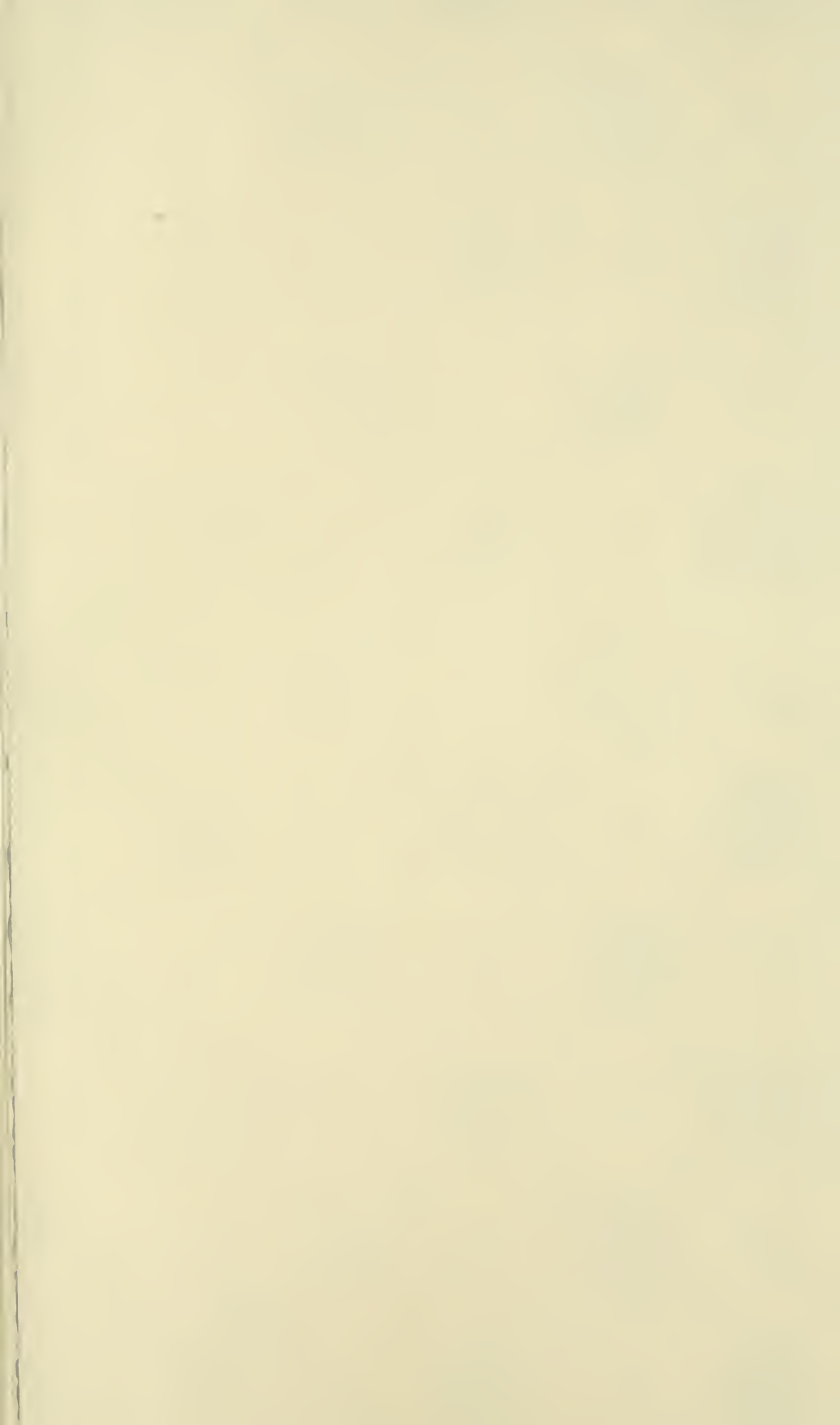
GOOD night, tired world : the sinking sun
Leaves you to silent rest ;
The darkness throws its sable robes
Across your weary breast ;
And Erebus the curtain draws,
Excluding Phœbus' light ; —
So take your rest, O weary earth —
Good night, tired world, good night.

Good night, O weary laborer,
Whose task of day is done ;
You too may take your well-earned rest
As fades the setting sun.
A blessing on the weary one
Who labors for the right ;
Sweet sleep and peace thy portion be —
Good night, true one, good night.

Good night, fair youth, whose idle sport
Hath filled the happy day ;
The welcome light is fading fast,
So lay aside thy play.
The merry game must now be dropped,
The toy hid from the sight ;
Now Morpheus comes to claim his own —
Good night, sweet youth, good night.

Good night, old age ; thy weary march
 Adown the way of years
Hath brought fatigue, but now, before,
 The Hall of Rest appears ;
For with the fleeing of the years
 Thy burdens take their flight,
And sleep and rest are thine at last —
 Good night, old man, good night.

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